

Gods Coffee print wth 1755



THE
AUTHORS
A
Dramatick Satyr.



[Price One Shilling.]

THE

AUTHOR



DIMENSION

(Faint handwritten text)

THE

[Price One Shilling.]

T H E
A U T H O R S
A
D R A M A T I C K S A T Y R .

I N T W O A C T S ,

As is has been frequently ACTED with great Applause in this, and the other end of the Town ;
by the Public's Company of DUNCES.



Jones (Lindesius)
R

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *Timothy Typus*, and to be had
at the Pamphlet-shops in *London* and *West-*
minster. 1755.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
 AUTHOR
 A
 DRAMATICK SATYR
 IN TWO ACTS.

As it has been frequently acted with great Applause in the most select and of the Town by the Faculty of Dunces.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by Timothy Watts, and to be had at the Pamphlet-Shops in London and Westminster. 1755.

[Price One Shilling]

To
Every AUTHOR
Who
Smokes
ABEL DRUGGARS best Virginia,
And
Doses his Senses in PARSONS's Porter ;
THIS SATYR

Is Humbly
Dedicated :

By
Their Dunceship's

Most Obedient *Brother,*

Much Honoured

Lindesius Jones.

TO THE
LORDS OF THE
COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

BY

WILLIAM
PETERSON

AND
JAMES
WILSON

OF
THE
COUNTY OF
DUNDEE

IN
RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
ON THE 12TH MARCH 1846

Y R



PRINTED BY
JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

1846

BY

THE
DUNDEE PRESS

AND
JAMES
WILSON

MUCH HONOURED

WILLIAM
PETERSON



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr ANY BODY.

I Come not here good folks to tell you stories—Our Bard (for so he must be called, since some modern dramatick writers assume the name) seeks not to gloss over his faults by *writing for private amusement*. It was wrote for the theatre. But being prohibited; he is willing to follow the footsteps of his brethren; and not suffering the piece to sleep by himself, has exhibited it to the public, that it may also dose with others.

Mr Garrick, on publishing two late occasional pieces* took the liberty of assuring the public: that tho' they might loose in the reading; when acted by himself and Mr Woodward, they were celebrated. Having so good a president; so let me say of this: were you to see it, as acted by the originals; you would confess its merit.

Our Author bids me farther say—*Gentle, courteous audience; it cost me but a very few hours labour: and will give me as little concern how 'tis taken.*

This for the Author—Now I'll turn my nose—
Such wretched stuff, did ever man compose,
Or make an Actor, Prologue speak in prose?
—But since, good folks, it is so—so it passes:
The whole's a groap of celebrated asses.

* Prologue and Epilogue to * * * *s Play.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr Trueman ; in love with Celia.

Mr Dirtyface.

Mr Maggot. } three celebrated authors.

Mr Specto. }

Player.

**Mr Semibrief ; servant to Maggot, a
Farrell O Blunder. [musician.**

Constable, attendance and mob.

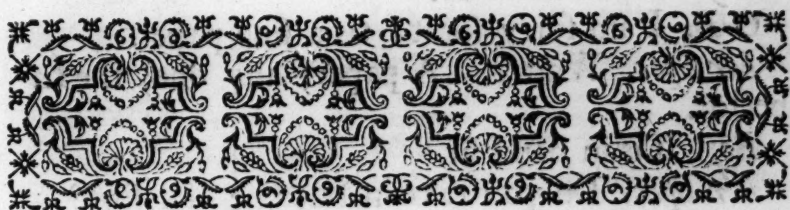
W O M E N.

Celia.

Lucy ; her maid.

Molly ; maid to Mr Maggot.

SCENE, *London and Westminster:*



THE
A U T H O R S
A
Dramatick Satyr.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A coffee-house: several persons are discovered reading news-papers; among which are Mr Maggot, Mr Specto, Mr Trueman, and Farrell O Blunder.

Trueman. * * * * I V E me the Inspector boy.

O B. * G A dish of coffee.

Boy. * * * * Coffee for Farrell O Blunder—the Inspector fir (to Trueman.)

O B. And here, you boy—waiter—Will—
Tom—that's a brave fellow—give me the
World. A *Boy.*

Boy. Tis in hand fir.

O B. I am sorry for it: tis a fine paper.

Mr Spec. Waiter. A paper, any one, the Inspector.

Boy. Tis in hand fir.

Mr Spec. Do you take in but one of a sort?

Boy. Two fir —— but both are in hand.

Spec. Well, well, give me any.

True. Coffee.

Boy. Presently fir —— coffee for Mr Trueman —— Maggots Lucubrations (to Mr Specto)

Spec. No. Maggots flights are stupid grown: give me the Advertiser: I'll see what books are in the press.

Boy. The Daily Advertiser fir (to Mr Specto) your coffee (to Mr Trueman).

Gent. Waiter —— give me Maggots Lucubrations.

Boy. Presently —— Maggots paper (to gent.) calling fir. (to Mr O Blunder)

O B. Bring me the London Evening Post.

Boy. Tis in Newgate.

O B. In Newgate boy!

Boy. Ay marry master, the poor fellow was yesterday committed for writing treason.

O B. His pen had better been in his breeches —— canst read my lad.

Boy. God give me grace, your honour, my father was always affraid of making me too wise: I have little other learning than to make out a sign post: and knowing all the prettiest girls (whispering) I can lead you to Haddock's, the Turks head—or in faith any bangio in town.

O B.

A DRAMATICK SATYR. 3

O B. That's enough for thee —— continue in thy honesty ; and as thou canst write treason, take care of speaking any. Does your girls talk treason ?

Boy. Baudy does your honour mean ? excellently ! and can sing the most delicious baudy songs ; would make your mouth water.

O B. If Farrell O Blunder has any skill in physiogminy thou'lt make a great figure in history : I'll have thee introduced to the author of the Shaekspears head intregues. He shall make thee live. —— He shall make thee shine in history. (Enter Mr Dirtyface.) Ho ! —— here comes an author of the first magnitude. I'll swear that by his appearance —— vastly sweet —— In the kingdom, believe me boy, thou'd p—p—p spit upon him I mean. ——

Boy. Ay ! —— spit upon him ?

O B. Ay —— pifs upon him —— what the devil's he, he must not be spit upon : think you he has any brass in his breeches, to pay for his coffee ?

Boy. Zounds sir ! —— dont you know that famous author Mr Dirtyface —— why all the gentlemen in the coffee room, will fight, who shall have the honour to pay for him.

O B. Ay —— fight to pay for him ! —— I must have a great veneration surely for so great a person —— but fight to pay for him ! —— arra now and by my credit, I shall see his arm as long as his neck first. —— But hush, I must get nearer, —— he talks very fine to be sure. ——

[Mr Dirtyface, sitting nigh a window in which is a broken pane of glaſs.]

Spect. Pray brother Dirtyface, let me have the honour to ſit between you and the window ; this broken pane muſt do you injury.

Dirty. No — No — it will not.

Spect. Pray now ; Dear Mr Dirtyface, let me have that honour.

Dirty. I tell thee, I will not unſeat thee ; what would you have more : I will not.

Magg. By all the gods now, Mr Dirtyface, this ſhall not be borne. The air ruſhes in like a mill-fluce ——— and I'd rather ſee half the town in tombs, than thee indiſpoſed ———

Dirty. No, No, brother Maggot — tho' my cloaths beſomewhat ragged ; I wear always below my ſhirt, a double wrapper of woollen—to keep out the weather's inclemency. —

Spect. Pray now, — pray now. —

O B. Ay, do, pray — pray now Mr Dirtyface ——— hear the kind gentlemen, with favourable hearing — yours will be a national loſs. — Pardon me fir — I cannot ſee you thus — the wind blows indeed — I feel it whiſtling through the hole — I will put in my hand, — my foot, — my head, — my hat, — my a — Mr Dirtyface, — my any thing — pray fir. —

Dirty. Well — if you will have it gentlemen. Be it as you pleaſe — but to me — tis neutral — to me ; tis neutral.

O B. (Stuffing in the lap of his coat) Arra, and by my ſhoul he muſt be a great gentleman. —

Spect.

Speet. Have you (to Dirtyface) seen the day's World?

Dirty. I have not.

Magg. Tis a good paper — I fancy tis one of his lordships.

Dirty. No friend — I'll fet thee right for once — tis mine. — when did ever a lord write with understandableness? — the puppy has the honour of 'em — but believe me friend, his papers come all of them through my fingers — tho' this shall be the last. — lord C — d ! — what is lord C — d to me — a dirty fellow ; and believe me, no longer worthy of my favour.

[they confer aside.]

O B. Zounds — lord C — d a dirty fellow — true English liberty upon my shoul. — Arra, and the devil burn me, but I believe he is a very great English blockhead (going away from the window) — and so we shall carry our coat along with us — (struts about) keep the wind from thee! — body of my grandmother, he stinks like a very fir reverence. —

Dirty. Thus it was, gentlemen. — Some time ago, having promised to dedicate to his lordship, one of the greatest undertakings, ever undertook by man. — Last day I went to breakfast with him, and to talk over the thing, in proper form, — But would you believe, the fellow could behave to a person of my dignity ! of my consequence ! of my literature ! in so impertinent a manner ; as to keep me half an hour in his antechambers, while he talk'd over a parcel of rig-
ma-roll

ma-roll stuff, with a few ideots of quality?—
 The world may ask which of us fought the acquaintance—and let them say who dare, that I, and not lord C——d had the honour of it—
 But I must be gone gentlemen.—

[Exit Dirtyface: Spect, and Maggot turning their backs on each other, in disdain take separate benches.]

2 *Gent.* Bring me Maggots Lucubrations.

Boy. (going returns) Tis in hand sir.

Maggot. Yet I have friends thank heaven!—
 Maggots flights are stupid grown—humph—A learned judge truly. A scoundrel in letters, to abuse the Lucubrations of a brother in so public a manner.—A fellow who without any knowledge in mankind, and as dull as a beetle, has had the assurance to assume that great name Specto has hardly kept the spirit for a month; and yet pretends to be a judge of sprightliness and humour.—One calls Inspector. A second calls Inspector. A third Inspector. And the same answer serves every one—he's in hand.—I have a strong notion of changing the title of my paper. There is much in the shortness of a title. Maggots Lucubrations. Tis too hard a name, a modern fine gentleman can scarce get his mouth about it. Suppose I call it the Devil? * Give me

* *Note:* That this satyr was wrote about the beginning of winter; and as it was design'd for the burlesque entertainment in the H——m——t, it is possible this hint being taken notice of by Mr S——, gave rise to the paper of that name.

A DRAMATICK SATYR. 7

me the Inspector calls one—the World calls another—in hand is the answer to both. Suppose it thus. Give me the Devil. Hand me the Devil crys another. The Devil and a dish of coffee bauls out a third. In hand, in hand fir—says the boy. What all in hand? not a Devil in the house is unemploy'd: would fret the World's guts to fiddle-strings—but soft—

True. Maggots Lucubrations. Quick.

Maggot. Bravo. up spirits, another calls you.

Boy. Tis in hand fir.

True. Give me an old one, I am going backwards.

Maggot. Good heaven is it so with me! (*True*: going) he goes—he takes it with him—will wipe an affront upon poor Maggot, never to be rub'd off again—bring me that paper boy (pointing to *Trueman*) it must not go if I can save it.

Boy. Tis in hand fir.

Magg. I know it, but haste, bring it instantly—tear it from him, should he refuse—doest thou hesitate—fly—begone—(exit boy) had that paper been call'd the Devil, one might have been afraid to use him in the dark (enter boy) How now?—where is it?—Stop thy mouth I see thy answer in thy face. But by all that's great—by my ink and my pen, by the north star of my being, I'll tear him to atoms before he brave me thus. Out sword, Maggot follows.

[exit Maggot.]

Spec. Up gentlemen; loose not a meal so highly seasoned. I who have been abroad; who in France have dined with princes of the blood; in-viron'd

8 *The* A U T H O R S.

viron'd with the noblest attendance, and bedeck'd with the most costly jewels; never fed so delicately as now. Out Maggot, we follow,
[exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A garden. Trueman crossing over with a news paper in his hand; is overtaken by Maggot in a passion, making lunges. The other gentlemen surround the stage.

Maggot. **D**EATH and the devil draw — you've struck the tenderest string of honour: an affront irreparable but by one of our deaths.

Trueman. One of our deaths sir! you surprize me! I live in ease and affluence; nor have I the smallest reason to be at variance myself: and as I choose to live; to live with all my bones in good order; and if possible without the smallest ridiculous scar upon my flesh; I have a mortal aversion at seeing pointed weapons in the hands of fools.

Magg. Fools sir! zounds who gave you a right —

True. Stop a moment your vociferous bloodship — with you sir matters differ widely. Lean hunger starv'd dog! to fight with thee, is to join with madness: to rattle the box for my being — yours, or mine. To fight with thee; is encountering one, to whom life is a burden; one whose

whose arm keenly courts destruction; and whose passion must make it impossible for him to see his weakest fallies. Munch — and grin — and gnash. But think'st thou, because life to thee is burthen-some, I'll risk a life of value, to do thee a service?

Magg. A life of value! — of impudence, coward — Gentlemen you are judges in the matter. Draw fir — 'death your cowardice provokes me to madness. — Gentleman, what, how, gentlemen — a plague upon your dastard picture! — How can provocation so great as this, be properly revenged? Gentlemen what think you?

[they all laugh.]

True. What think they? As I — that your very pretence to quarrel shews your madness. What a plague, can't a person step aside a little but your worship must be offended? — Don't be in a passion fir — If you want to get to that same seat of majesty before me; or have any prior claim in the matter, shew your charter. If not, come on: throw of your passion; perhaps there's room for both — like two monarchs, we shall sit and thunder our commands —

Magg. Daring impudence — the breach grows wider and wider — draw. I can wait thy motions no longer — I insist upon it — draw — your life or mine's the victim. And rather than live under so much disgrace, I'll — I'll — I'll —

[lunges furiously.]

True. Believe me, vehement fir, I've a little business of high concern to finish — that done — my sword is at your service — [going.]

Magg. You shall not stir a foot — leave behind

B

you

you this paper? — then go to the devil if you will —

True. This paper! for what purpose leave you this paper — I have use for it.

Magg. Zounds Sir, you shall use me first.

[lunges.]

True. A part of it at least — [tearing it.]

Magg. Not a morsel sir. As I live for honour, I'll fight for it. If I die in the search, I am content: I die with the brave. Come on, Slave. Come on —

[Maggot traversing about with his sword, comes too near Mr Trueman, who to save himself throws out his hand: and Maggot running his sword through the paper, carries it off on the point of the rapier — then putting it into his bosom, speaks.]

Dear pledge of tott'ring honour rest thou there! — snatch'd from the eve of basest infamy, let not the breath of ill winding fame, abuse thy pages more — Safely rest from censure, there; — Ill deserving mankind! is this the thanks? is this the mighty tribute due to this hand — this poor distracted brain, that hath toil'd and rack'd o'er so many sheets to entertain you with? Let me once be revenged — and then, ungenerous public a long farewell — [looking round sees Trueman gone.]
Gone! *Heus tu Indigne!* fled from that punishment his arrogance provok'd! fled from that arm
whose

A DRAMATICK SATYR. II

whose trusty sword, before the sun doth dip his fiery edge in the western deep, shall weep tears of blood for its offender — Turn thee dastard and meet thy fate — flee not to private corners — to places unworthy the man whom *victory* and *honour* calls to arms — Forth coward! Maggot is hoarse with calling thee to arms —

Spec. King Richard in low life gentlemen — Brave him out my hero! (mimicking Maggot) Forth coward, Richard is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Magg. Dost thou too play the wanton? Draw slave; thy life is set upon a dye in cog, and wants but a single throw to make it thine or not. Presuming slave. When kings to kings are false, justice hangs her head! when authors with authors are at variance learning sickens, letters die! — did the smallest of the public's voice say what thou hast said, 'twere to be excused: but that thou, a dirty mushroom should start forth — flourish for a day — pine for a week — and die in a month: — That a mere monthling should assume so great a writer's name — is'nt to be born — By that azure vault he mocks my wrath (*Spec* laughs.) — slave answer me. It hath been said, that hunger-starv'd I am strong. Being weary of life I am valiant — answer me. Hast thou that mighty excuse for being tame? That thou livest happy, and at ease? Hast thou another coat free from raggs to cover thy meagre paunch; or hast thou a mess of thineest sup at home to bleis thyself withall?

Spec. I have 'em all, Booby.

Magg. Answer again — seek'st thou honour?

Spec. Yes, Richard.

Magg. Wilt thou fight for it?

Spec. No, Falstaff.

Magg. Thou seek'st honour: — answer to the point — will you fight for it?

Spec. No, fellow.

Magg. Yet dares to insult him who will —
(beats Spec over the shoulder.)

Spec. Ha! a blow. Richard tis thy last —

[Specio closeth with Maggot, who in the struggle drops his sword, mean time Trueman enters.

Trueman. To't authors, like to like; the world will miss neither. (in the fight they fall)

Magg. Fair play, gentlemen, see me up again.

Spec. Ay, ay, fair play gentlemen — I'll do for him. — I'll do for him — (they are parted.)

True. That manly sweat become you both: but that your weapons are badly chosen — fists become porters — the sword the soldier — a —

Magg. Pistol.

Spec. A blunderbuss.

O B. Oh ay, lets have a blunderbuss — I love sport of that kind, dearly —

True. Neither gentlemen; authors, the pen become: they who writes the smart, the wittiest thing, shall wear the bays —

Magg. Agreed.

Spec. Agreed.

True. To the Coffee-room gentlemen —

O B.

A D R A M A T I C K S A T Y R. 13

O B. Now the Devil burn me, but it would please Farrell O Blunder hugiously, if neither of them should win the day—If I were Maggot, and Maggot Farrell O Blunder, I would be after getting out of the coffee room before I got into it——

[exeunt: manet Trueman.]

Trueman. Strange that ladies, sprightly in their natures, and sometimes wise in choice; should be so often bubbled. Celia, than whom a fairer lives not, doats on that frothy monster, that scum, that maggotty bubble of authorship, to distraction. She reads his journals, the moment they are printed: sees, feeds on a thousand beauties himself never intended: and which none but Celia could have invented. Thus happy in her thin spun delusion, she builds castles on Parnassus's top: fancies a thousand things of Minerva and the arts: talks of books from morn to eve: dreams of being Mrs Maggot: and is never happy, unless that pitiful retailer of wit is in her presence. Did she but see him now; pitiful, low, clad in himself: my humble suit till now unsuccessful might gather strength. But soft, I'm call'd.

[within a call for Trueman: exit.]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

The coffee house. Maggot and Spec. conveniently placed at a table, on which are paper, pens and ink — the company stand about the table.

O B. **U**PON my salvation I shall be hugely diverted — ho, and here comes Mr Trueman in the nick of the crisis (enter Trueman) Upon my credit, I shall have rare things to hum my countrymen with when I get home again : tho' the Devil burn me if it ever sees me again. — I always liked to hear fine argumentation — but what must this be? — I never expected to see an author in all my life — and now am to hear two famous learned men, fight and argue one another out of their senses : arra and upon my shoul it must be very fine — but hush they are ready.

True. Gentlemen, begin.

Magg. (writing, reads) Scoundrel!

Spec. Is that the first sally of thy wit? (writes and reads) Rascal!

O B. (Magg. writing) vastly fine upon my credit.

Magg. (reads) Base villain!

Spec. (writes, and reads) Pitiful coward!

Magg. (writes, reads) A coward calls me so!

Spec. Mark that, gentlemen; it goes for nothing : coward, was my own expression. (writes)

O B.

O B. How clever they are upon one another !
Upon my credit, it is a fine trade to be an author. How much like gentlemen, and how witt-ty they are.

Spec. (reads) Beast of beasts—blockhead in grain'd—hunger starv'd rabbit—skin of man—tale of a herring—the very—

Magg. Ba, ba, ba, ba. Stop thy mouth ; thy witt's borrow'd. Falstaff's expressions if I live and do well——

Spec. And if you live and don't do well, they're mine——a decision gentlemen——

Magg. If I have justice——

True. Both shall have justice——but the scales of debate poise so equally, 'twere as yet injustice to give it to any——

O. B. By St Patrick, fir, you say well. I thought neither of them would win the day——two clever men upon my shoul—to't again gentlemen——

True. O Blunder says well——(to Maggot) tis yours to let off.

O B. (Maggot writing) Let off fir ! zounds they are not now going to the blunderbus part of the story.——If that same Mr Specto is his name, were Farrell O Blunder, I should be after getting off with myself——that Maggot is a fiery gentleman——

Magg. Scarcrow—Billingsgate student—gentleman of Munmouth street——gallows looking rascal——

Spec. Enough at a time——of all the quadrupeds, that over deaths deep valley feeds ; from
the

the huge ear'd ass, to the creeping curled snake :
from the satyr lecherous in the forrest, to the——

Magg. (rising from the table in wrath) Ba,
ba, ba, ba ; mere quintessence of Grubstreet !
I but add to ridicule to hold skill in tryal with
you.

Spec. I say from the satyr lecherous in the for-
rest——

Magg. Poh, poh, stop thy wind, 't smells foul.
[Maggot runs off.]

O B. By Jupiter, extempore rhetoric is too
hard for him—who would have thought it—

Spec. Decision gentlemen—I keep the field.

All. Victory, triumph, laurels.

[exeunt in triumph.]

S C E N E IV.

A room in Maggot's house. Enter Maggot, walks
melancholy : seeing a
letter lie on his table,
opens and reads.

Magg. (reads)

S I R,

“ I Find the public will no longer
“ with favour receive your pa-
“ per. And as the continuing it will be a dis-
“ service to you as well as me ; if I may be al-
“ lowed to advise in the language of a friend,
bethink

“ bethink of some other more suitable employ-
 “ ment, than writing papers of public entertain-
 “ ment. I am

Mr Maggot

Your very humble servant.

—— Blast the scrawl, tis basilisk to my eyes——
 but soft, in vain I strive to force the stream, which,
 nor art, nor nature conquers. Public voice is a
 monarch, the smallest of whose edicts, make the
 boldest subject tremble.——Once she received me
 gently into favour; and with joyous smile receiv'd
 my weekly politics: now I'm dismiss'd her ser-
 vice. Well! Is it otherways with politicians of a
 higher rank? No. Walpole in disgrace, now
 dead, could he be raised to his place again; that
 same public would even kiss his putrified bones.
 Even kings themselves, the nations voice de-
 thrones. And lately, as a whole nation of beard-
 ed infidels were taken into favour; by the publics
 sulphurous voice, in a few months, like the morn-
 ings vapour on the mountains top, they vanished
 into nothing. Why should then the sovereign
 decree: the publics partial voice, give pain to me
 an individual?——pain me it cannot. Tho' pinch
 me it may confoundedly——nay, already I feel in
 pathetick sympathy, my stomach with the lawrels
 drooping honours; weep twangs of gnawing hun-
 ger. What then to do, is the question? dig I
 cannot——beg I will not.——To live, to die, to
 pine perchance; gnaw'd by the mites and mag-
 gots in some paltry cheesmans stall——there it frets
 my heart strings, (looking on the letter in a deep
 thought) “ Bethink you of some other trade.”——

C

Suppose

Suppose I paint me a sign post? Canning or a Gyp-sie?—beer houses make money,—Maggots would draw a thousand.—Ah the falling off how great! An author—so fam'd too, become a dirty, heated publican—it shall not be. Suppose a coffee-house? even that is low——steady brain I thank you for the hint! Macklin in Covent Garden, having acted Sylock to his immortal honour, turn'd coffee-man. Rich is now in want of actors; suppose I turn player? shou'd that fail me, oratory and coffee selling will have a president in Macklin. It shall be so.—And now for the bright object of a poor man's wish—the rich the charming Celia: where cautiously I must tell this story; as if I turn the player, not for want, but pleasure. [Exit]

S C E N E V.

A room in Celia's house. Celia and Trueman are discovered in high dispute.

Celia. I Will not be entreated——

True. Be gentle as you are fair?

Celia. Leave me.——

True. Have pity on this constant sufferer! pardon his rude plain manner; and hear with patience, while he——

Celia. Repeats a thousand foolish gravities—the very thoughts of which, to Celia is death. Your politeness you have borrowed from the dancing bear—your compliments are bought at an East India sale, as plain as your coat—As for your manners——

True.

True. Tho' plain are well meaning madam.

Celia. O hideous monster!—all that I expect from a husband: much more from a lover. (mimicks Trueman) “Pray Mrs Lucy is your lady at home?—Sweet madam I hope you are well? hearing you were at Drury Lane theatre, last evening; and fearing you might meet with accidents, I have been uneasy till I could see you”——ha, ha, ha! rough brute——my great grandfather who was never forty miles from his own door; in his common conversation, would learn thee manners——Come——(takes him to a glass) look at thyself——seest thou any thing more than plain—ha, ha, ha,——master Jacky.—Here it is—*Maam.*—and there goes a bow. (mimicking a bow) Well sir, say I. *Maam*——and there goes another——faugh I'm sick of thee. And then thy gate——there booby (mimicks his walk) thinks thou I'll have a broomstick for a husband?——

True. Surely you mean not as you speak——

Celia. Exactly so. I allow thy person handsome——(goes round him) handsome upon my soul—but one expects a great deal more from a husband than handsomness—that I can have in my footman. By my modesty, a good thought——you say you are always happy when in my company——shall be always so——shall wear my livery if you please—I like an honest, plain, handsome footman prodigiously. Art fond of going to church? shall carry my prayer book——but that thy face of gravity would make me laugh (mimicks a face in devotion) O lud, lud, what a sight were that
——Get

—Get home booby—read lord Bolingbrooke, and learn to be fashionable.

True. I'll bear it all—nay more, if you are pleased to say it. Hear me only—a minute—

Celia. A minuet saidst thou. Ay. sing me the Lovre—I'll dance to it (sings and dances). Pray go on Sir, I shall not interrupt you—[dances]

True. Strange, that a soul inhabiting so fair a form, should be so foolish!—is it possible she has ever allowed herself to ask the difference 'twixt the soul that actuates that fair form, and the brutal life that wafts about the gaudy butterfly?—O how it grieves me, something can't be done, to save a lady from the brink of ruin!—A lady formed by nature, to do her sex as well as kindred honour—so fair, and so foolish—I pity thee indeed—lady I interrupt your gaiety—I take my leave.—

Celia. I have the honour to sing you to the door.—

[Taking him by the hand, goes with him to the door, singing and walking the minuet step.
Enter Maggot.]

Maggot, welcome!

Magg. Sweet Lady, thou art always happy—so am I. When absent, thy adorable image, is ever present in my mind: when present, like the suns all chearing glory—sweet angel—all is life and joy. (kneeling) Here let me pay my devotion; kneel at thy gracious feet and—(kisses her hand) sweet creature.

Celia. O thou art a gallant soul!

(Celia and Maggot talk apart)

True.

A DRAMATICK SATYR. 21

True. That men should prostitute their reason to so many base, so many foul designs, is strange! He poor wretch, finding her taken with false shew, and romantic gallantry, suffers himself to play the blasphemous idolater, to please a girls weakness. —Men there are, that are monkies as well as bears. But why the ladies should love the monkey rather, would be to their disadvantage to explain.——

Celia. Mind him not, sweet Maggot;—tis a poor sorry thing; as he says himself, not for this world, but on his pilgrimage to another—of which he often entertains me——

Magg. Sweet love tales truly!——

Celia. Canst take a lesson?—(aside to Trueman) throw off thy clownishness,—learn to be sociable,—try,—catch his manner,—his gallant thoughts—but that must be from nature——

[As Maggot, pulls out his handkerchief to wipe some dust from his breeches knee, drops a letter.]

True. Talk not to me of so ridiculous a resemblance of human nature.—Him I think unworthy of my contempt——Thee dear lady, I pity!—Heaven made thee for a better purpose:—but since thy fatal stars invert the kind intent, farewell sweet maid.(going) Avert kind heavens a match so fram'd, to blast so fair a form—— (exit)

Celia. Ha, ha, ha! the very man. (mimicking him) *thee I pity sweet maid!*—(to Maggot) I admire thy taste prodigiously. A player!—nothing comes up to it.——

Magg. Fired with the thoughts of thy approbation, join'd to my own skill; already do I tread

tread the royal theatre—Hark! my fertile brain already hear the echoing roofs resound, with thundering claps of encor'd praise. The gaudy plume of royal distinction on my head—The clustered diadem, sparkling on my brow.—While the admiring audience, catching the noble fire from thy Maggot's looks, tears the very building with thundering acclamations.

Celia. O joy! O rapture! see too: the ladies drown'd in tears of joy, of grief, of admiration; covets my sweet prince, and lifts his Celia to the stars—(enter Lucy) what now Lucy?

Lucy. Does your Ladyship please to dine?

Magg. (aside) Glorious found—dine madam! is it so late?

Lucy. Tis on the table.

Celia. *Alons donc*—we part not now—*sans ceremonie*—(exit Maggot) So sweet a man! I shall be an authoress! and a princess! and a queen! [exit singing]

Lucy. (seeing the letter, reads it) An authoress! and a princess! and a queen!—ay to be sure—and a beggar ere its long; or I much mistake it. Without the smallest doubt she imagines he has a fortune in his brains. The which, as this letter seems to hint, is already exhausted. Yet while the fellow can say a civil thing to her; she altogether forgets, the judgment of the brain is liable to as many outward accidents, as any other estate—(enters Tom) presently I'll be with you (exit Tom) poor Tom is an instance pat to the purpose. Once he was a peer of a fellow. But I don't know how; he hath drank away his senses so fast, he can hardly

ly now say a civil thing, or do a civil action. Some years ago, a was a merry fellow—no sooner were all a bed, and calm—than up came Tom, a tip toe—tat, tat, tat,—All then was joy and love thro' the live long night; till the family a stir at day break would force him from me:—now he grows low—and stupid—and incensable—What bright Cupid had been my unlucky fate, had Hymen brooded on our loves? —And here's another halter I've narrowly escaped. O lud, lud, what rogues some public writers are? Maggot's man Semibrief; like his master to my lady, would to me appear a miracle in his way—a composer of music forsooth. And what in truth is his trade? luckily for poor Lucy I have found him out to be a scraper at private balls, for a crown a night!—endeavouring with his fiddle to keep clean his master's livery, and himself from starving. Thank heaven, I am yet unmarried; and as the world believes a maid. (looking on the letter) “Bethink of some other more suitable employment.” Able Maggot, thy friend advises well—then, other names than authorefs, princess, or queen will fill my lady's ears.—

From tribes, from names that fill, nor this, nor that;
From pens grown dull/*ans* whetting writes but flat;
From tow'ring castles, built on foggy air;
Keep me, and all fond maids: is Lucy's prayer.
(Exit Lucy)

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Semibrief with a fiddle, is discovered, sitting at a table composing music.

(writes over notes, then touches the violin)
Semi. **S**UPPOSE I double tie and slur it, (plays it over again) 'tis better; it goes.—(pricks it down, then plays another part) as harsh as any air of Worgan's! (plays it again) that will never do—(studies over it) why thus puzzle my brain about one passage? no author retains the same spirit through all his works: sometimes they grow dull. Nay, even my master Maggot, the greatest in his way; is not always the same.—I have seen him in one journal, merry and melancholy, *in* grammar and *out* of grammar; sometimes as musical as myself; and at others, as dull as a humstrum—but let me once more try it—though judges condemn Maggot in his sphere: let them not have cause to laugh at Semibrief.—(plays the last part over—then studies over it) The harshness lies in that squaling c, fa, ut, in alt. try it in an octo lower: (plays it lower) incomparable! deliciously fine! bravissimo!—now for the close. (sings) la de, da de, da de, da da, da.—that's good. But I should remember a similar passage either in Handal or Correlli—what then? Writers in notes as well as letters, borrow from one another. However I'll alter it a little: it shall
 go

go by threes——(sings) la de de, ta de de, da da,
 Da. Glorious, delightful, heavenly harmony !
 —gods, were Orpheus alive'twou'd put him mad !
 But let me search Corelli ; I hope the passage dif-
 fers. (looks over books of music: a knock) damn
 these pestilential knockers !—I know no so enemy
 to men of study and erudition as that same noise—
 tis gone—I remember it no more, than how to
 find Benhadad in the history of Oliver Cromwel
 ——(knock, knock) by the fire of her knock-
 ing, ten to one tis that gig-about-jilt of ours Mrs
 Celia. (opens, enter Lucy) Ho is it you Mrs Lucy ?

Lucy. Ay master Semibrief it is I : — come up-
 on a message you very little expect——

Semi. Presently I'll talk with you—sit you
 down a little Mrs Lucy—I have a little business
 of the utmost consequence to finish—that done,
 Mr Semibrief is yours——(aside) we must keep a
 dignity and distance betwixt those of learning and
 those of none: else when we are pleased to be free,
 there is no compliment. (sits at the table and
 looks over his music)

Lucy. These writers are certainly the most im-
 pudent fellows in life. And Mr Semibrief with
 his knot, being an author, is a scholar: and
 therefore, he says, he is a gentleman——(pulling
 his wig by the tail over his head, drops it on the
 book before him) Pray Mr Geminiani, is it base,
 you compose, or is it terrible?——

Semi. (turning about in rage) Give me leave to
 say, you are terrible and damnably impudent.——

Lucy. O I always admired your politeness—
 pray be covered. (as he stoops for his wig from the

D

ground

ground, Lucy pulls his fiddle bag over his head : which he endeavours to disentangle himself off ; but tediously :—mean time Lucy taking the fiddle rubs with vehemency on the strings)

Semi. Marbleu ! you cut my very heart strings ! my best, dear Cremona ! (as he pulls the bow from one hand, she strikes him over the naked head with the fiddle in the other) O my dear Cremona ! with thee, dies the sweetest ton'd harmony !—cruel woman, have you no compassion ?—no bowels ?

Lucy. Yes rascal to pull your eyes out.—My mistress may quarrel for herself : each feels their own wrongs hardest : and for me Rascal ; instead of your fiddle ; I'll break your head, you dog.—You had like to have made a fine spot of work for the public's entertainment ; you, and your notable master, at me and my lady's expence !—As for Maggot I shall say little : (gives a letter) deliver this ; if he knows my mistress sent it, tis enough.—But for you rascal and your Cremona—pray Mr Fiddlestick if one may be so bold, when was you at my lady Frisk's concert ?—pitiful dog !—pray do you play at cards there, as a gentleman—or, or, or, only away so ?—your servant Mr Composer.

Semi. (aside) Egad she has it ; that's the truth on't.—now for some of my master's assurance to bring me off.—Madam I find you have been, by some ill designing person, very much imposed upon—

Lucy. That's the truth on't indeed : nor would it be hard to guess by whom, since instead of a gentleman

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gentleman and a master of music; that livery coat covers a lying, dirty, fiddler——

Semi. You are very full of your fun to day Mrs Lucy——

Lucy. Excessively so Mr Semibrief: (curtseing low) your servant, your servant sir,—your servant—ha, ha, ha! (exit Lucy)

Semi. Dam'd fortune this——what an open letter! (puts on his wig and reads)——*Favour your paper——disservice to you as well as me——public entertainment——yours.*——Is it so with us then! Is it through this we are in high cajole with Rich?—turn we players to keep our guts from grumbling?—poor doings—poor doings! yet stay—he may have interest to get me among the music. If so Mrs Lucy, you may repent your airs—we only fall to rise again—— (Exit)

S C E N E II.

A bed chamber in Maggots house; in which a couch. Enter Maggot and a Player.

Player. **Y**OU have novelty on your side Mr Maggot: nothing else would warrant a thought so cruel——Desdimona stab'd! Shakespear ne're did mean the man so bloody.

“——— Yet I'll not shed her blood

“ Nor fear that whiter skin of hers than snow,

“ And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Unless you quote these lines in which for form's sake and for the poetry the author seems to use them.——

“——— Strumpet I come

C 2

“ From

" From off my heart, those charms thine eyes are

" blotted

" Thy bed lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be

" spotted.

Magg. No more on't,—talk no more:—vanity aside, the world will allow me judgment in the matter—I wont yield to the author himself in the meaning. Shakespear was but a player—I a scholar——

Player. The thought is singular—but come—as Macklin said to's audience—I'm the devil—you my brimston'd imps——once more repeat me that same scene. I am Desdimona, you Othello. (player lies down on the couch)——" What is he dead?

" *Magg.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge had stomach for them all.

(enter maid staring)

" *Player.* Alas he is betrayed, and I undone!

" *Magg.* Out strumpet (maid retires) weeps
" thou for him to my face?

" *Player.* O banish me my lord but kill me
" not. (maid appears again much frightened)

" *Magg.* Down strumpet (maid retires)

" *Player.* Kill me to morrow, let me live to
" night—— (maid enters)

" *Magg.* Nay if you strive——

" *Maid.* Strive! the devils in him if he dont.

" *Player.* But half an hour—but while I say
" one prayer——

Maid. Mercy heavens! keep all honest men from sudden death——help, ho——murder,——
help murder—— (exit)

Magg.

Magg. (smoothing him) Well pop'd Doll—
thou seemest to know the story; and comes in
time to do Emilias part.

Player. You fumble about the business—be
quick—I am dead enough——

Magg. No, no, friend I must have another touch
with you yet——

“What noise is this?—not dead not yet quite
“dead?

“I that am cruel, am yet merciful;

“I wou'd not have thee linger in thy pain,

“So, so——

[Mr Semibrief and Maid enters; the maid seeing
Maggot, stabbing the person in the couch
runs off crying murder, murder——]

Your business Sir, (to Semibrief) why are we dis-
turb'd?

Semi. Mrs Lucy, pardon me fir, has been here
just now in a very odd kind of humour: and by
order of madam Celia, without the smallest civi-
lity of message, bad me give you this.—(gives
the letter, which Maggot reading, falls into a
fit)

Magg. Am I then so totally undone——

[drops his sword: Player takes it up]

Semi. Help, support, my master faints——

[they lay him on the bed]

Player. This is sudden indeed!

(enter maid and mob)

Maid. Ay, ay, he's done for him. That's he!
sweet rest all mortal souls—he's done for him.

(constable seizing the Player)

Player. Stay fellow——hear me speak——

Constable. Off with him. To Newgate first
——there we'll hear thee speak. [Exeunt

[Exeunt Player, Maid and Mob.]

Magg. (recovering) How is it possible this letter could get into the hands of Celia?

Semi. Of that I know not—but with this message, Mrs Lucy gave it,——*Tis enough to know my mistress sends it*—that said; in a haughty, imperious air, departed.——

Magg. Tis enough indeed, good Semibrief! and I am ruined for ever!——

“ O cursed slave! whip me ye devils,
 “ From the possession of this heavenly sight;
 “ Blow me about in winds, roast me in Sulphur,
 “ Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire—
 “ O Desdimona! Desdimona! (exeunt)

S C E N E III.

A chamber in Celia's house. Celia and Lucy—
 at a toilet.

Celia. **H**OW is my complexion to day Lucy?
Lucy. Tempting.

Celia. Killingly Lucy! I must wound at sight.

Lucy. Any thing for such a fellow, as Maggot may do. Mary come up, I think even my humble self a match for any Maggot of the name.

Celia. Po, po, Lucy—I am off there—my net is laid for other game—I do think there is nothing like a little coquetry with these men things—ha, ha, ha,—I must make thee laugh girl—I told you how Maggot was deserted by his printer: to gain a sorry sustenance, he is turned, ha, ha, ha! player Lucy—but that is not all—his maid Mrs Dolly—who perhaps had never seen a play in her
 her

her life, being admitted poor girl, to make a female response, I suppose, in the Rehearsal—taking Maggot and his tutor for a couple of madmen and murderers—ha, ha, ha,—call'd a constable and had the poor player sent to Newgate.

Lucy. For murdering Desdimona—tis all over the town. I have heard it from twenty hands.—

Celia. I have gone farther Lucy. Finding this is the case with him, I've this morning sent to Mr what's his name—Mr—Mr—there is nothing in it—to enquire into the merit and progress of the new actor.—He'll do, he says—

Lucy. Do! no more?

Celia. He'll do—the novelty of the thing, I suppose. The town is always fond of novelty—

Lucy. And sure your ladyship does not mean to go to the house, and be pleas'd with him, and clap him—and—and—and—

Celia. Pox him I suppose comes next.—Pray Mrs Lucy be moderate in your invention—I clap him!

Lucy. Po, po, you know what I mean—that you will not any more with favour look on such a dog as Maggot—That seeing him on the stage; you would see him as you would a dumb shew man or candle snuffer; and forget your being an authoress, or a princess, or a queen—That in short you wont love him any more, nor sigh for him—nor die for him—nor—

Celia. Whoo! (screaming) Lud child, art mad?—know you who I expect here Lucy—you would not talk so—(looking in the glass) I think my colour is pretty fresh to day—

Lucy.

Lucy. This is one of your best days—you look divine.—

Celia. O Lucy—could the kind, the handsome, the constant Trueman say a few such things!—but why should I think it—he cannot—

Lucy. Perhaps he will not—

Celia. He will not!—he will not say you! mercy on me!—am I become unworthy a single compliment?

Lucy. These he leaves to such as Maggot; who have little else to recommend them: compliments at the expence of truth, such as young maids are fond of; instead of not being able to give, are below his honesty to make.—The tree, by the fruit to me is always known—

Celia. As how, Lucy?

Lucy. Plainly thus. Where I've had one shilling of Maggot; I've from Trueman fifty.

Celia. And well you may: the one for a great estate is obliged to his father—the other for the little he gains, to his own superior genius.

Lucy. Let me only tell your ladyship, this one story of Mr Trueman— [enter Tom]

Celia. No more of him—Mr Specto—

[to Tom]

Tom. He is below may it please your ladyship.

Celia. Shew him up, (exit Tom) my old spark Specto Lucy—you think I look well (looking in the glass).—I have sent for him in a very shame pretence:—when one throws off one lover, one must have another Lucy—time's a prodigious tough thing to kill else—

Lucy. Shall I retire?

Celia.

Celia. In the first visit! by no means Give him a private conference now; in three days time he'll talk of marriage.—Authors are men of knowledge—and can write to you of modesty—but full of their own abilities, none have so much assurance:—Hush (enter Spec.) your servant sir: (to Lucy) hand the gentleman a chair. I know not, sir, if our little acquaintance can entitle me to trouble you in such trifling matters as weak women are sometimes fond of——

Spec. I am proud to think I was once of the number of your acquaintances. And tho' tis a life of perpetual torment, I am happy in being still your fetter'd slave.—But to attend you ladyship by desire.—God's I'm twenty years younger than when this morn's sun beheld me!

Celia. (aside to Lucy) There is more here than plain, honest Trueman Lucy——a charming man——

Spec. Command your slave—— (they sit)

Celia. You are so obliging —— a mere trifles——

Lucy. (a great noise without) What noise is this, so ill tim'd and so rude?——

Tom. (without) You come not here (enter a mob)

Constable. In spite of thee we come——

Spec. (Celia and he rising) Never fear madam, they touch you not while faithful steel stands by you——(aside) O lud how much the town's abused. This Lady, who were it not for my help, must now go to prison, has been thought worth no less than thirty thousand pounds—— (to Celia speaking to the constable) One word fair

Celia.—By your leave good Mr Bailief.—Name me your case—a family debt? a debt of honour? or what it will: name but the time you ask for payment—it shall be granted, now, instantly—

Celia. Be not so much concerned on my account kind Mr Specto.

Spec. Any thing you command is honourable.—Pray Mr Bailief have you any thing to say to this lady?—

Con. None in the world;—but to you I have: Pray is your name Mr Richard Specto?

Spec. My name is Specto.

Mob. Ay, ay, the same's the man.—

Con. Pray Mr Specto, is not the world obliged to you for several pieces of authorship?

Spec. What mean you fellow?

Mob. The fellow means meaning: his question, has argument friend—and as I reckon you'll presently feel it too—

Con. You are a writer?

Spec. I have that honour.

Con. And you have writ a book,* in which you endeavour to stir up the people, against the legislator; for passing an act, enabling the law to detect all thieves in black gowns; or ladies of fortune in hackney coaches—

Lucy. The ladies are hugiously obliged to him.—

Spec. Curs'd fortune!—there is no trusting to any creature. Bookfellers! they are the greatest villains under the sun,—all of them without exception

* The Marriage Act, a novel—

ception—to look at deputy Bridges of a Sunday, you'd take him for a Moorfield faint—yet—O Jupiter the villiany of this age!—Having bought the property of my book for a trifle: to screen himself from public displeasure; and set the world a gog after the novel, poor Specto must be given up for his advantage.

Con. Fellow no more—hence with him—(exit mob with Spec.) Ladys if you call on him at his lodgings in Newgate, you'll have more time for private conference.— (exit constable)

Celia. Blasted of all my schemes—deserted—rob'd of every lover—

Lucy. Make not yourself uneasy madam—

Celia. Uneasy girl! think'st thou the misfortunes of any fellow in breeches can make me uneasy?— (sings and dances around the room) no, no girl, I am vastly easy about the matter.

[sings and dances]

Lucy. (aside) Mighty easy to be sure—not a jot disconcerted in her schemes—and as for the *he* fellows in breeches—to be sure our sex do naturally abhor them

Celia (sings)

Tune the Musett in Dulcinia.

Musett.

Free me Cupid, free this heart,
Ease me of this piercing dart;
Cruel doubts perplex my brain;
Worst of poison, worst of pain.

Haste thee, haste sweet, all above,
 Propitious are to thee and love ;
 Gently use the yielding fair :
 Trueman, thine is Celia's care.

Da Capo.

Free me Cupid, free this heart, &c.

Minuetto.

Vainly gay, mankind have found me—
 Where does beauty conquests find ?
 Freely roves each swain around me—
 Where's my charms, my pow'r to bind ?

Trueman, haste, forget, approve—
 Sweetly soothing blest my love ;
 Love that brings returning charms,
 Sying, dying in thy arms.

Da Capo Minuetto.

Vainly gay, mankind have found me, &c.

Da Capo Musetto.

Free me Cupid, free this heart, &c.

Lucy. And will you tell me, after all these irregular sallies ; that heart of thine is as easy as it should be.

Celia.

Celia. Perhaps we differ in our notions of ease, Mrs Lucy : But I am certain, that however one may be disconcerted, by private disappointments, or the misfortunes of ones friends ; I am not a whit the more unhappy by this unlook'd for accident. —I am sorry for poor Maggot ! I feel for the unfortunate prisoner ! But am not otherways uneasy on my own account ; than by trifling so much with them, I have rendered myself unworthy a better than either.

Lucy. A better than either ! Ay marry if you mean the noble Trueman ; he is as far before them, as one may look in a summers day.

Celia. O Lucy ! I have been thoughtless, foolish, gay to excess. —I have made myself ridiculous to all my acquaintances, for rejecting the offers of so worthy a gentleman —and that because while he address'd me with sincerity and honour, the others courted me with polish'd tales of knavery. —I see my folly Lucy ! —too late ! —(weeps)

Lucy. Cheer up madam : think not so seriously on the matter —others there are —

Celia. Talk not to me of others —Trueman in all his blunt address, is now beyond compare —I was drunk with flattery and admiration —lov'd to be talked off —to be praised in poetry —to have the town, by news-paper paragraphs full of my name : and none were so well suited to please my vanity as these unhappy authors. —Yet believe me Lucy, when in the midst of this giddy thoughtlessness, could Trueman have a little forgot his honesty to praise my beauty : I could have left them all.

all. Reflection taking the place of fancy, Lucy, honesty gets the better—and I am now heartily ashamed of myself—what now Tom? —

[enter Tom]

Tom. Mr Trueman.

Celia. Mr Trueman! do you not mistake?

Tom. No maam, he waits below—

Celia. O Lucy my heart forbods (to Tom) haste thee, shew him up, (exit Tom) my heart forbods returning joys—yet I may be happy—

Lucy. Happy! a marry, he's the sweetest spoken gentleman, and talks with so much good nature even to a servant — (enter Trueman)

Trueman. Madam; with the greatest respect, I have presum'd this visit. 'Twere rude madam to approach where my company is troublesome: and perhaps tis rude to say business, not ceremony brought me.

Celia. Your visit, Mr Trueman, is indeed, I must say, unexpected: yet I don't know that I ever thought your company troublesome—

True. The good correspondence there has been for so many years, betwixt my father and your uncle; began my first acquaintance with his fair niece—My estate, thought to be not an inconsiderable one, made me perhaps somewhat assuming:—when I imagined I was intitled to pay my addresses to a lady, who by sense and goodness was formed to sweeten the bitterness of this mortal draught of life; I asked too much.—But let me not resume, fair lady, a subject so disagreeable to your ears—Last packet from abroad, in a letter from your uncle at Montpelier to me, brings you this— (gives a letter)

Celia.

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Celia. I have been obliged to your goodness, more than gratitude can well repay ; and I hope your generosity will look o'er as fallies of unthinking youth, the many indiscretions of a giddy girl. Perhaps I have not rated your kind intentions, at their true value: but believe me, sir Gilbert's niece has ne'er been blind to obligations—I hope you will add one more to the number—and (opening the letter) permit me to——

True. Madam, (bowing). This return of civility (aside) transports me:—the fall of her two unhappy lovers may work this sudden change—Even there, good heaven be praised ! who by unthought of ways, has once more put her in the road to happiness. (Celia reading, gathers confusion) What can create this sudden change of face? her uncles good fortune sure should put a smile upon her countenance——(to Celia) I give you joy lady !

Celia. Cruel Trueman ! how shall I take this visit? of ceremony? of business? or not content with so great a fall—hath come to see it, and to triumph?——

True. What mean you madam?

Celia. You know the substance of this letter?

True. Partly, by my own, I guess—Sir Gilbert after many years stay at Montpelier, is at last blest with an heir to his estate—but of some news disagreeable to the ear, reveal'd to you ; which knowing, I would have bore a part——

Celia. No Trueman. Celia the nighest of claim
to

to the possessions of a wealthy barronet is now fallen below your notice.—She who ill treated so much goodness in her prosperity, deserves not the smallest pity in her fall——

True. You surprize me madam!

Celia. Surprize you! Can you be ignorant that the proud, gay, assuming Celia has not now a farthing in the world?——

True. Talk not so wildly——

Celia. Your good sense I know will rather pity than despise me. But what will the world say of Celia, who once might have been happy in the best of husbands?—now poor and deserted!—

True. Pardon my boldness fair lady—How can poverty be the fall of Celia; while an inheritance of so much greatness of soul is yours?—

Celia. Friendly Trueman, you think too well of me——

True. More is your deservance, than this plain tongue can utter, or fortune yield. But if a constant faithful heart; or these willing arms to shield you from the public's rude acclaim; be worth your fair acceptance: years of past uneasiness are now o'er pay'd.

Celia. As I have so ill deserv'd your favour, your goodness is too much—permit me to retire—your generosity overcomes me—(going) O Trueman tis too much—— [exit Celia and Lucy]

True. Sweet confusion!—Gentle maid!—
(to the audience) Like her great Zeno, while wind and tide and fortune favour'd him; struck sail to nothing: The just reflections a rational being ought to

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to have made on the matter, were forgot: and his mind securely nodding in gay incensibility, dream'd of nothing less than millions; or any enjoyment more lasting than his money: till the pitiless north wind blew in his teeth, and shipwreck'd his fortune. Then, as Celia now, Zeno recovered his reason: and applying himself to enrich his mind, left us this moral salve for all misfortunes,

“ Our undoings oft prove our making; and
“ Misfortunes, rightly us'd, begin recovery.

E N D *of the* S E C O N D A C T.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 12. line 5. from the bottom, for *writes* read *write*. Page 15. line 7. from the top, for *tale* read *tail*. Page 22. line 2. for *bear* read *bears*: for *roofs* read *roof*; and in line 7 for *tears* read *tear*. Page 25. line 6. for *so* read *such*. Page 31. line 3 from the bottom for *know* read *knew*. Page 32. line 5. for *in a very* read *on a very*.



EPILOGUE.

KIND SIRs,

SINCE men of sence sit here, in every station;
Our names, our plot, need little explanation—
It may be said, our bard's too keen a bitter—
O lud,—if kings are bit, why may'nt a writer?
But waving who is this, or who is that,
Our storys moral, friends, is plain and pat.

Young men are led too oft by wealths false voice;
In Hymens bands, let virtue be your choice:
And tho' the maid of foibles have her share;
We're weak ourselves—be constant to the fair.

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LADIES,

To you our muse, a moral does present—
Oft maids too much expect: too oft repent.
Trust not to fate, if honest Trueman's kind;
Wed sence fair maids: fools are for ever blind.

